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ATHERING FROM THE PAVEMENT'S CREVICE, AS A

FLOWERET OF THE SOIL.



THE NOBILITY OF LABOR, -- THE LONG PEDIGREE OF

TOIL.



Nuremberg



























# Auremburg

BY

◀ HENRY W. LONGFELLOW ▶

◀ ILLUSTRATED ◊ WITH ▶

Twenty-Eight Photogravures by the Gebbie & Husson Co., Limited

◀ ILLUMINATED ◊ AND ◊ ARRANGED ▶

BY

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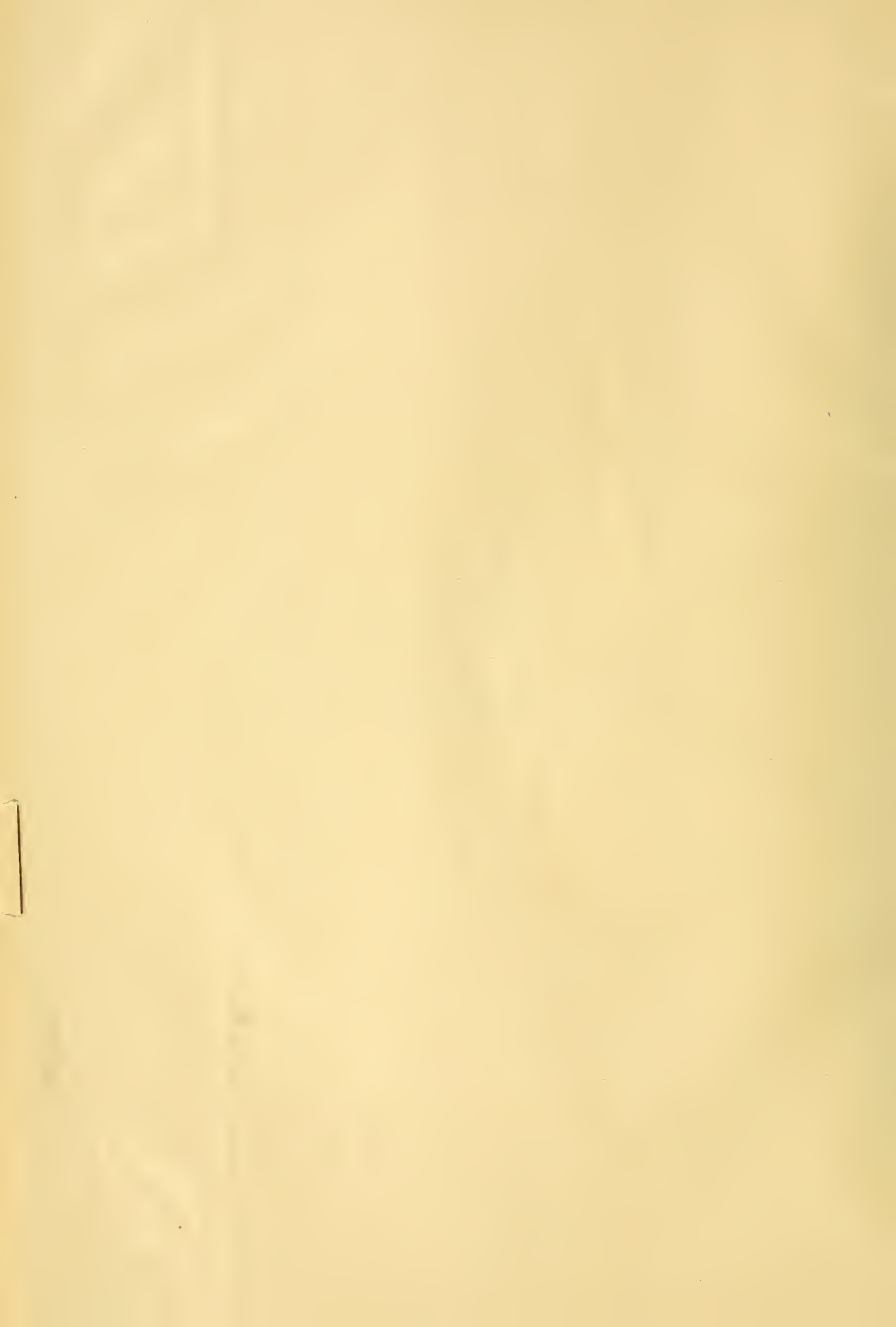
1888

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**N**UREMBERG

BY

HENRY LONGFELLOW



IN these days of demolition, when the utilitarian Zeitgeist sweeps through towns and cities, levelling walls, tearing down ancient buildings, obliterating old landmarks, and raising over the ruins more or less successful imitations of the model city of the century, Paris, there is still remaining an almost unchanged picture of the German towns of the Middle Age.

Over a wide moat, through feudal walls, guarded still by a hundred towers, we enter the gates of Nuremberg. The steep, narrow streets, the houses with high-pitched, red-tiled roofs, broken by long rows of little windows, through which one fancies the tiny house gnomes may be peeping, the rich Gothic and Renaissance decorations lavished on lofty gables and oriel windows, street fountains and church portals, bring to mind the admiring words of that traveller Pope, Eneas Sylvius, that a simple burgher of Nuremberg was better lodged than the King of Scotland.

From the great storehouses filled with hops, comes a drowsy fragrance, that fills the air and wraps one in a dream of the long ago. In fancy, hand-in-hand with the three great sculptors, we pace the quiet streets. Here, enriched with carvings of electors and heroes, stands the Beautiful Fountain, still, as of old, the centre of the business life of the town, and, in the kindly belief of a simple-hearted people, the dispenser of all good gifts. "Es ist ein Geschenk von dem Schöne Brunnen," says the house-mother, when the children stand in admiring circle round the new baby. Passing beneath the Virgin train that keep watch over the Bride's Door, we pause to study the great bronze sarcophagus and canopy, which made Peter Vischer no unworthy rival of Ghiberti and Donatello. Like twin castles, on either side the Pegnitz, stand the lofty churches of St. Sebald and St. Lawrence. From Sebald's side we cross the quaint old bridge to the heights St. Lawrence guards, and from his exquisite shrine the strong, earnest face of Adam Krafft looks up to us, as if we had surprised him in the midst of his work; while Veit Stoss bids us look above, where hangs his curious carving of the Annunciation. But though the Sacrament-House is now empty, and no clouds of incense dim the "painted air," the statues and relics of the saints remain uninjured in their ancient shrines and niches. With





a blush of shame for the iconoclastic fury of our Puritan ancestors, we admire the noble toleration of an art-loving people, which, though their city stood out the first of the free imperial towns as a champion of Protestantism, preserves with jealous care the works of her great artists of another faith. The grand chorales of Luther are echoing to-day through the high arches, and the simple forms of worship are carried on without distraction, amid the altars and pictures of the Church of Rome. Can we wonder that the greatest of her sons should declare that he "chose to live in a moderate manner in Nuremberg" rather than "to be great and rich elsewhere." The name of Albrecht Dürer will be linked to all time with the brightest pages of the history of his beloved city. When we climb the steep street to his house, still standing close to the walls of the ancient castle, we are at no loss to tell where he obtained the rich architectural effects he delighted to introduce into the landscapes of his pictures.

Through the small, low-ceiled rooms we walk with reverent tread, for here for fifteen years he worked upon that marvellous series of pictures of the life and passion of our Lord, in which the pure faith and devotion of the artist impress us as nowhere else, except when we stand in the convent cells of San Marco, and gaze on the walls where, with tear-dimmed eyes, Fra Angelico painted the loved form of his crucified Lord. In the *Life of the Virgin* we have a lovely Nuremberg idyll, scenes, it may be, from the family life of this very home. We climb the narrow oaken stair and look from the small windows up to the castle, where for a time dwelt that restless, romantic spirit whom Albrecht Dürer delighted to call "his king" and "the dear Prince Maximilian;" and the poetic nature of the *White King* found in Dürer the artist best fitted to illustrate the semi-allegoric history of his life and exploits, which he never wearied writing.

In this old house, in *Passion Week*, 1528, the earthly life of Albrecht Dürer ended, and without doubt his prayer was answered: "The Lord God grant that I also may have a happy end, and that God with His heavenly host, my father, mother and friends, will be present at my death."

As a small tribute to the memory of our great poet, whose word-pictures have led many wanderers from his own land thither, and in loving gratitude for the happy days we were ourselves permitted to spend there, this little souvenir of Nuremberg has been prepared.

C. C.



## LIST OF PHOTOGRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

- ✓ 1. — *Frontispiece*—Portrait of Albrecht Dürer, by himself.
- ✓ 2. — *Title Page*—The Bride's Door, St. Sebald's Church.
- ✓ 3. — The Pegnitz.
- ✓ 4. — Dürer Platz and Castle.
- ✓ 5. — Emperor Maximilian, from Hofkirche, Innsbruck.
- ✓ 6. — Fleischbank.
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- ✓ 9. — The Schöne Brunnen.
- ✓ 10. — Portal of St. Lorenz.
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- ✓ 12. — Pyx, Church of St. Lorenz, by Adam Krafft.
- ✓ 13. — Albrecht Dürer's House.
- ✓ 14. — Praying Hands, by Albrecht Dürer, Museum, Vienna.
- ✓ 15. — Churchyard of St. John and Tomb of Albrecht Dürer.
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- ✓ 17. — Church of St. Lorenz.
- ✓ 18. — Old Bridge.
- ✓ 19. — General View of Nuremberg from the Castle.
- ✓ 20. — Market Place and Schöne Brunnen.
- ✓ 21. — Statue of Hans Sachs.
- ✓ 22. — Stammhof.
- ✓ 23. — Portrait of Hans Sachs.
- ✓ 24. — Himmelsthurm, Nuremberg Castle.
- ✓ 25. — Charlemagne, by Albrecht Dürer.
- ✓ 26. — Hans Sachs and Albrecht Dürer.
- ✓ 27. — Panier's Platz.
- ✓ 28. — Melancolia, by Albrecht Dürer.



## LIST OF ILLUMINATED INITIALS.

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- 1.— **I** —From Italian Illuminations, Fifteenth Century.
- 2.— **Q** —From *Summa Bartholomæi Pisani Ord. Prædie. de Casibus Conscientiæ*, 1475.
- 3.— **M** —Italian, British Museum, Fifteenth Century.
- 4.— **A** —From *Orthographia Practica*, 1548.
- 5.— **I** —From Golden Bible, printed at Augsburg, end of Fifteenth Century. *Tailpiece—Queen Cunegunde*, by Haus Burgmair.
- 6.— **O** —From Harleian Coll., Fifteenth Century.
- 7.— **E** —MSS. Written in Spain, Fifteenth Century.
- 8.— **A** —Fust and Schoeffer's Psalter, about 1457.
- 9.— **I** —Volume of Latin Poems, British Museum, Fifteenth Century. *Tailpiece—St. Sebald*, by Peter Vischer.
- 10.— **I** —From Fust and Schoeffer's Bible, about 1457. *Tailpiece—St. Lorenz*, by Albrecht Dürer.
- 11.— **H** —From a Copy of *Romaunt de la Rose*, beginning of Sixteenth Century.
- 12.— **H** —From an Engraving on Wood, beginning of Sixteenth Century.
- 13.— **E** —From "Titus Livius," Fifteenth Century.
- 14.— **F** —From German Bible, printed at Wittenberg, 1584.
- 15.— **T** —Italian, British Museum, Fifteenth Century.
- 16.— **F** —From *Summa Bartholomæi*, about 1475.
- 17.— **A** —From MSS. Written in Spain, Fifteenth Century. *Tailpiece—Armourer*, from a Wood-cut of Sixteenth Century.
- 18.— **T** —From Fust and Schoeffer, about 1457.
- 19.— **H** —From *Orthographia Practica*, 1548. *Tailpiece—Shoemaker*, from a Wood-cut of Sixteenth Century.
- 20.— **B** —From a Missal, British Museum, Fifteenth Century.
- 21.— **P** —From Fust and Schoeffer, about 1457.
- 22.— **A** —From Italian Illuminations, Sixteenth Century.
- 23.— **V** —From Golden Bible, printed at Augsburg, Fifteenth Century.
- 24.— **N** —From a Copy of the *Sforziada*, British Museum, 1490.
- 25.— **T** —From "Titus Livius," Fifteenth Century.
- 26.— **G** —From the *Missale Traiectense*, 1515.

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Small Initials from a *Benedictionale*, about 1480, and Alphabets of the end of the Fifteenth Century.









THE PEGNITZ.





IN THE VALLEY OF THE **P**EGNITZ, WHERE ACROSS BROAD

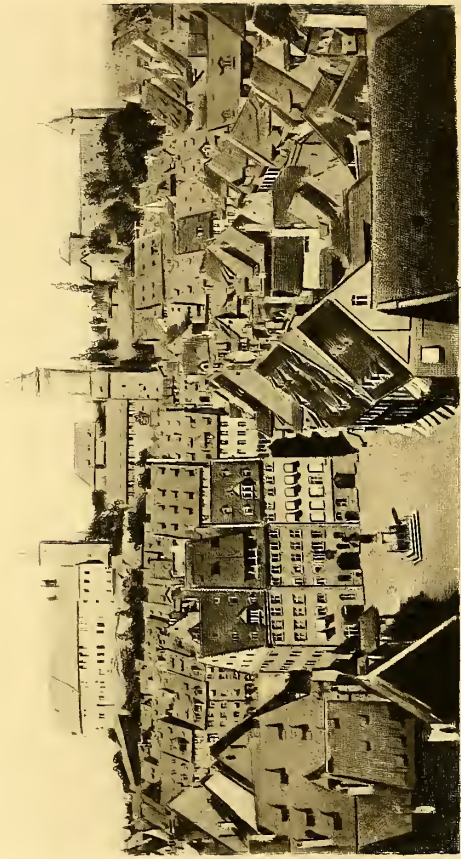
MEADOW+LANDS

**R**ISE THE BLUE **F**RANCONIAN MOUNTAINS, **N**UREMBERG,

THE ANCIENT, STANDS.



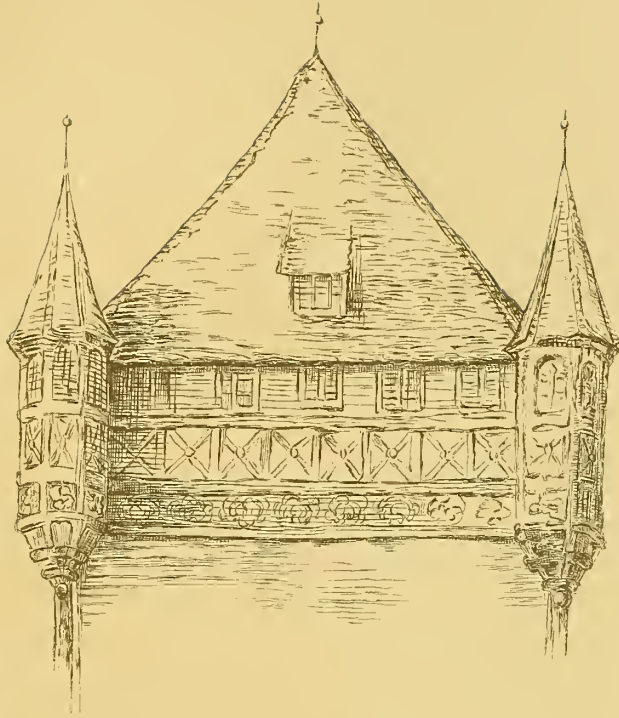




DÜRER PLATZ AND CASTLE.







QUAINT OLD TOWN OF TOIL AND TRAFFIC, QUAIN'T OLD

TOWN OF ART AND SONG,



MEMORIES HAUNT THY POINTED GABLES, LIKE THE

ROCKS THAT ROUND THEM THROU'G :







EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, FROM HOFKIRCHE, INNSBRUCK.





MEMORIES OF THE **M**IDDLE **A**GES, WHEN THE EM+

PERORS, ROUGH AND BOLD,

**h**AD THEIR DWELLING IN THY CASTLE, TIME+DEFYING,

CENTURIES OLD;









FLEISCHBANK.





ND THY BRAVE AND THRIFTY BURGERS BOASTED, IN

THEIR UNGOUTH RHYME,



HAT THEIR GREAT IMPERIAL CITY STRETCHED ITS HAND

THROUGH EVERY CLIME.









HEIDENTHURM, NUREMBERG CASTLE.





N THE COURT+YARD OF THE CASTLE, BOUND WITH MANY

AN IRON BAND,

**S**TANDS THE MIGHTY LINDEN PLANTED BY **Q**UEEN

**Q**UINIGUNDE'S HAND;









ST. SEBALD'S RECTORY.







N THE SQUARE THE ORIEL WINDOW, WHERE IN OLD

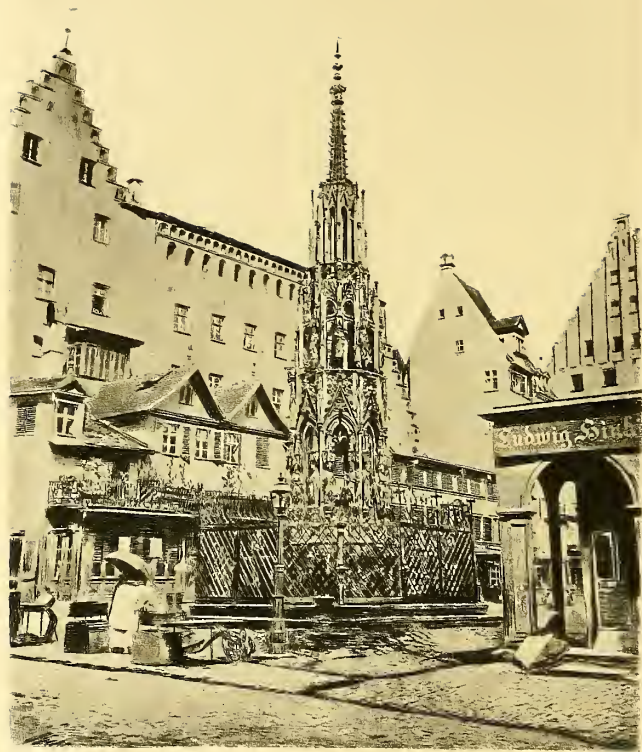
MEROIG DAYS

**S** AT THE POET **M**ELGHIOR SINGING **K**AISER **M**AXIMIL+

IAN'S PRAISE.

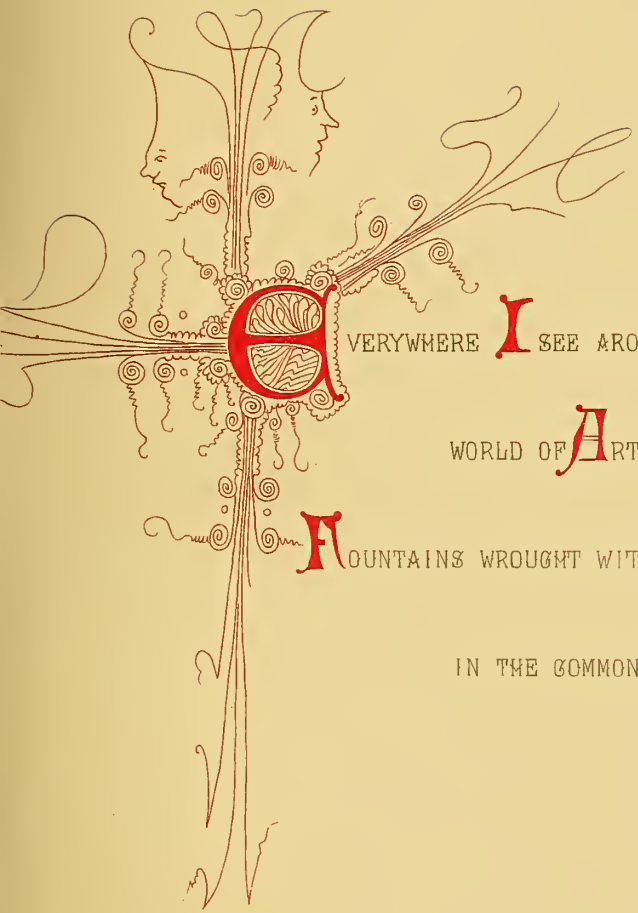






THE SCHÖNE BRUNNEN.





EVERYWHERE **I** SEE AROUND ME RISE THE WONDROUS

WORLD OF **A**RT:

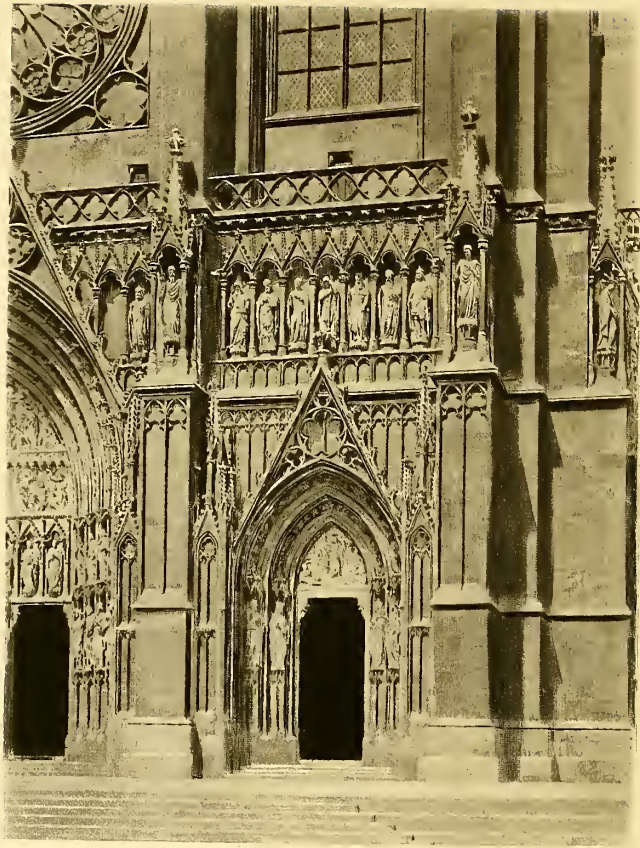
**F**OUNTAINS WROUGHT WITH RICHEST SCULPTURE STANDING

IN THE COMMON MART,









PORTAL OF ST. LORENZ.





AND ABOVE CATHEDRAL DOORWAYS SAINTS AND BISHOPS

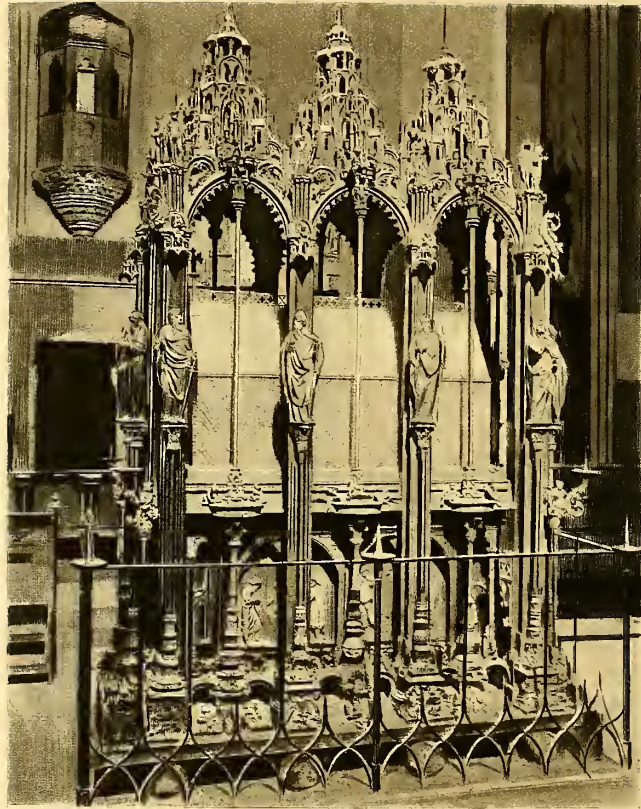
CARVED IN STONE,

**B**Y A FORMER AGE COMMISSIONED AS APOSTLES TO

OUR OWN.









SHRINE OF ST. SEBALD, BY PETER VISCHER.





IN THE CHURCH OF SAINTED **S**EBALD SLEEPS ENSHRINED

HIS HOLY DUST,

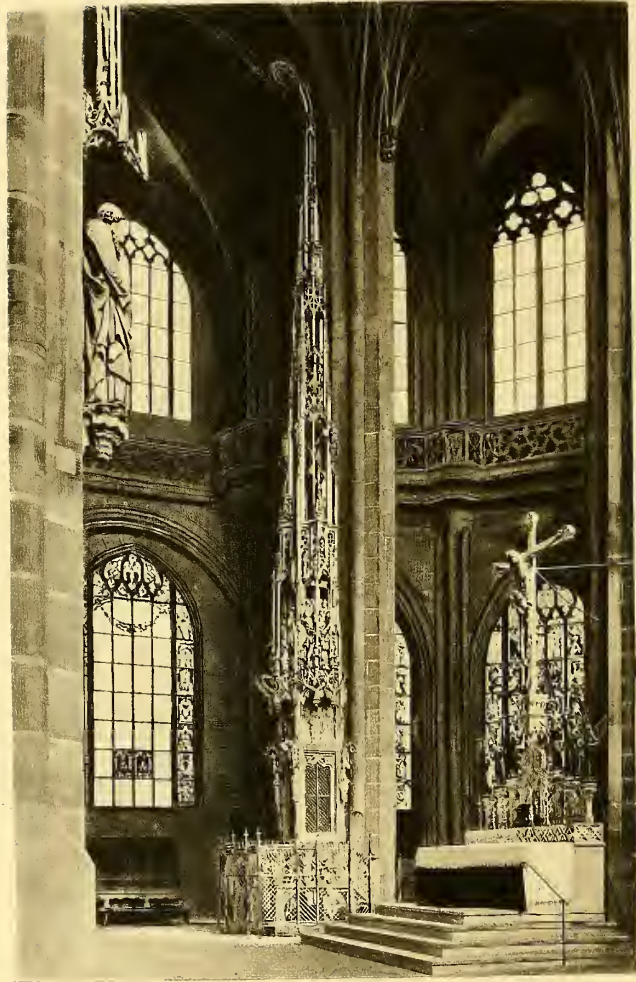
**A**ND IN BRONZE THE **III**WELVE **A**POSTLES GUARD FROM

AGE TO AGE THEIR TRUST;









PYX, CHURCH OF ST. LORENZ, BY ADAM KRAFFT.





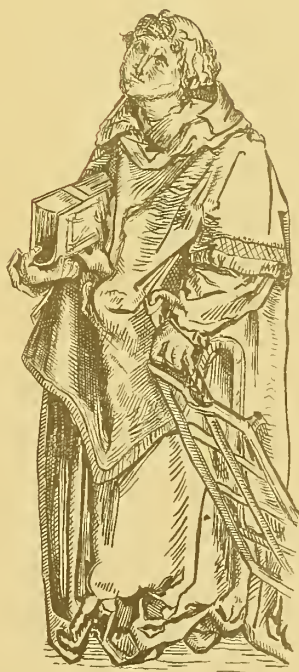


IN THE CHURCH OF SAINTED **L**AURENCE STANDS A PIX

OF SCULPTURE RARE,

**L**IKE A FOAMY SHEAF OF FOUNTAINS, RISING THROUGH

THE PAINTED AIR.









ALBRECHT DÜRER'S HOUSE.





ERE, WHEN **A**RT WAS STILL RELIGION, WITH A SIMPLE,

REVERENT HEART,

**L**IVED AND LABORED **A**LBRECHT, **D**ÜRER, THE **E**VANGELIST

LIST OF **A**RT;





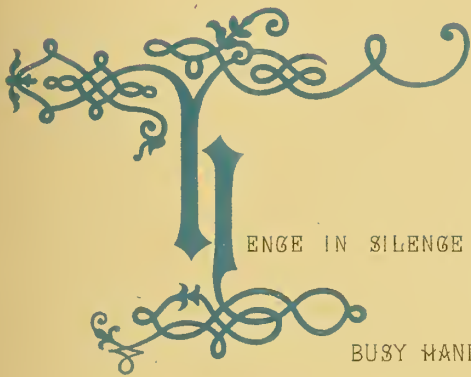






PRAYING HANDS, BY ALBRECHT DÜRER. MUSEUM, VIENNA.





ENGE IN SILENCE AND IN SORROW, TOILING STILL WITH

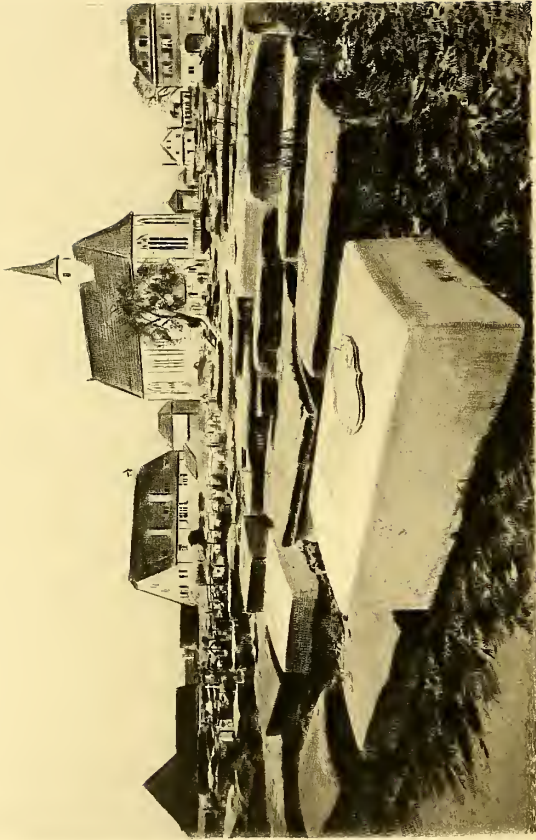
BUSY HAND.

**L**IKE AN EMIGRANT HE WANDERED, SEEKING FOR THE

**B**ETTER **L**AND.









CHURCHYARD OF ST. JOHN AND TOMB OF ALBRECHT DÜRER.





**G**MIGRAVIT IS THE INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB+STONE

WHERE HE LIES;

**D**EAD HE IS NOT, --- BUT DEPARTED, --- FOR THE ARTIST

NEVER DIES.







DÜRER PLATZ AND STATUE OF ALBRECHT DÜRER.







AIRER SEEMS THE ANCIENT CITY, AND THE SUNSHINE

SEEMS MORE FAIR,



HAT HE ONCE HAS TROD ITS PAVEMENT, THAT HE

ONCE HAS BREATMED ITS AIR!







CHURCH OF ST. LORENZ.





**T**HROUGH THESE STREETS SO BROAD AND STATELY, THESE

OBSCURE AND DISMAL LANES,

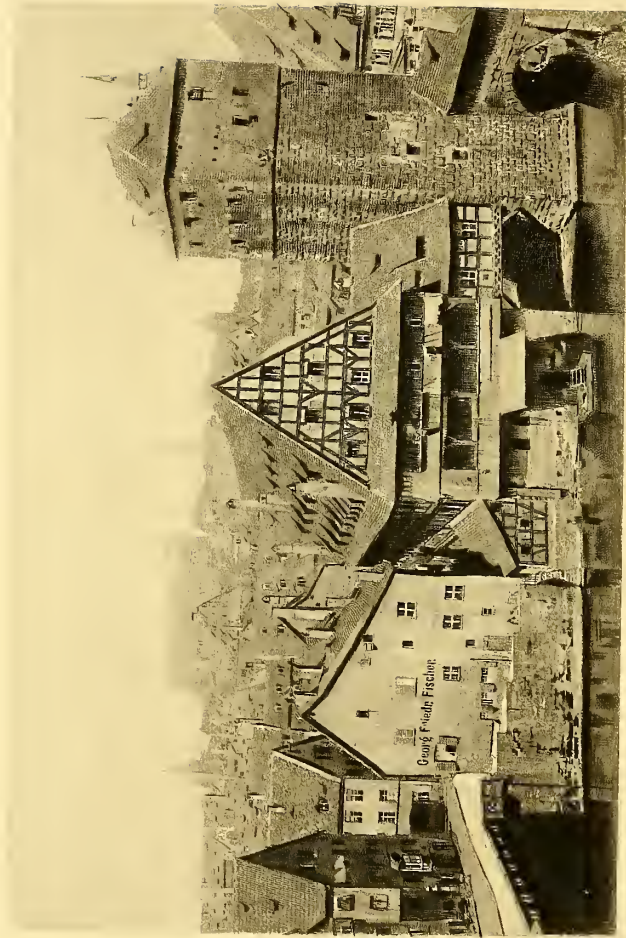
**W**ALKED OF YORE THE **Q**UASTER+SINGERS, CHANTING RUDE

POETIC STRAINS.









OLD BRIDGE.





FROM REMOTE AND SUNLESS SUBURBS, CAME THEY TO

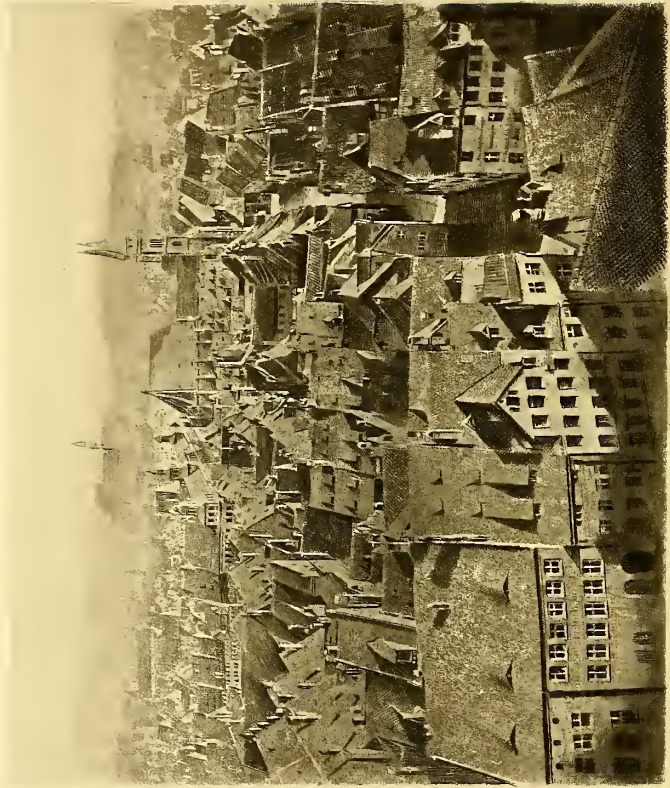
THE FRIENDLY GUILD,

**B**UILDING NESTS IN **F**LAME'S GREAT TEMPLE, AS IN

SPOUTS THE SWALLOWS BUILD.









GENERAL VIEW OF NUREMBERG FROM THE CASTLE.



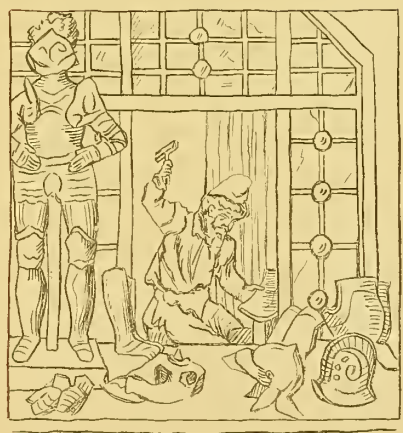


AS THE WEAVER PLIED THE SHUTTLE, WOVE ME TOO THE

MYSTIC RHYME,

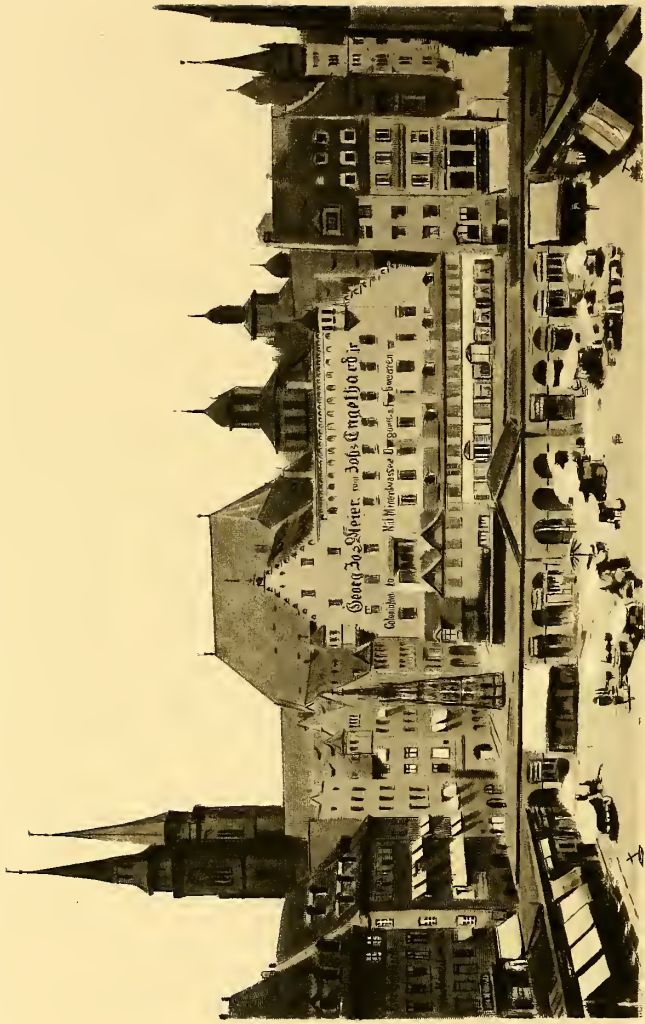
AND THE SMITH HIS IRON MEASURES HAMMERED TO

THE ANVIL'S CHIME;









MARKET PLACE AND SCHÖNE BRUNNEN.







HANKING **G**OD, WHOSE BOUNDLESS WISDOM MAKES

THE FLOWERS OF POESY BLOOM

**I**N THE FORGE'S DUST AND GINDERS, IN THE TISSUES OF

THE LOOM.







STATUE OF MANS SACMS.



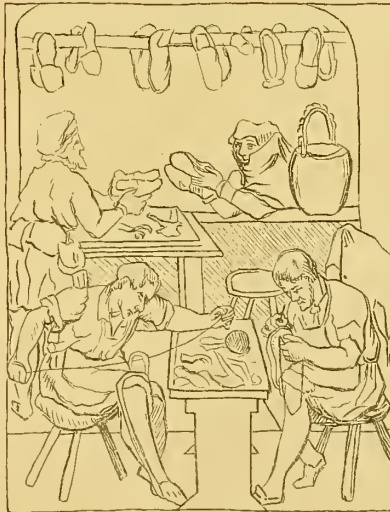


ERE **h**ANS**s** AGHS, THE GOBBLER+POET, LAUREATE OF

THE GENTLE CRAFT,

**W**ISEST OF THE **T**WELVE **W**ISE **M**ASTERS, IN HUGE

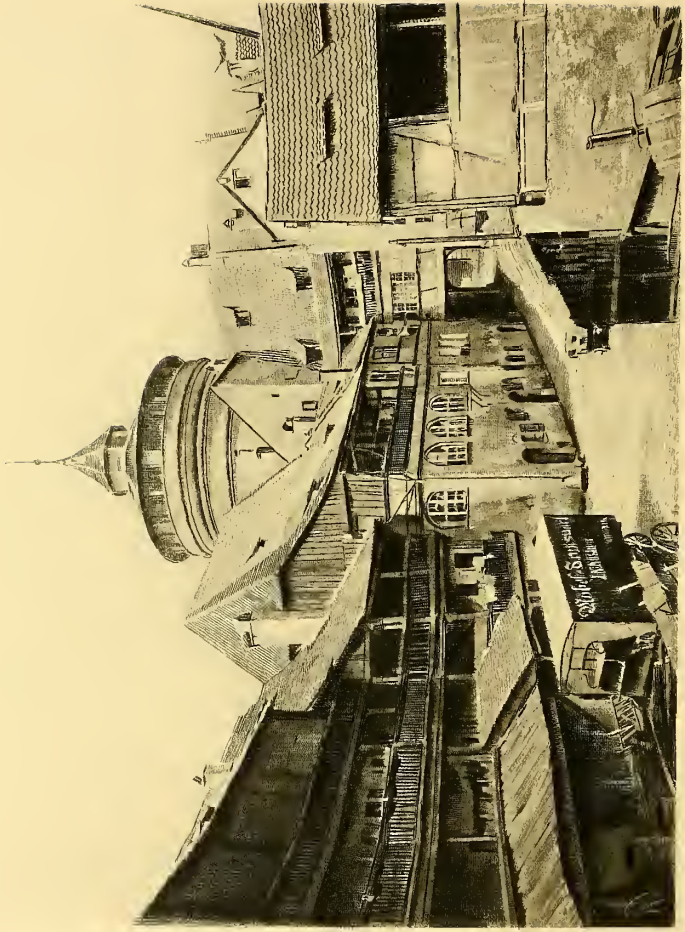
FOLIOS SANG AND LAUGHED.





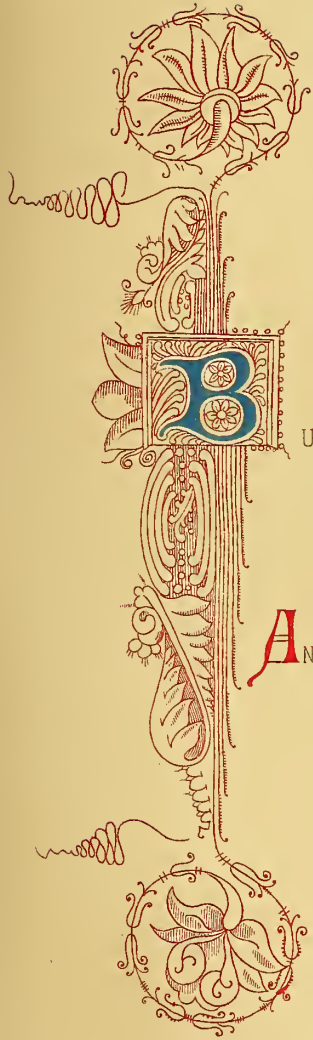






STAMMHOF.





UT HIS HOUSE IS NOW AN ALE+HOUSE, WITH A NICELY

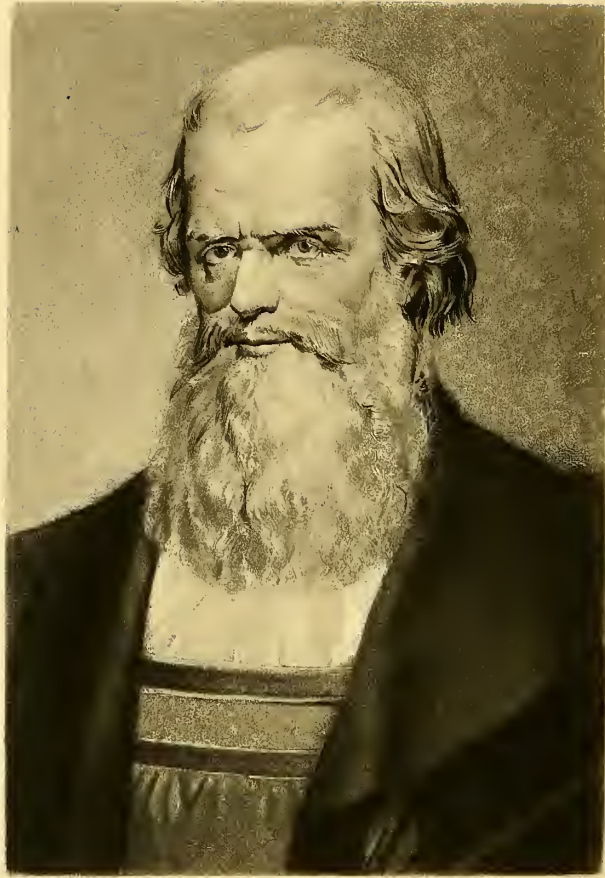
SANDED FLOOR,

**A**ND A GARLAND IN THE WINDOW, AND HIS FACE ABOVE

THE DOOR;









PORTRAIT OF HANS SACMS.





PAINTED BY SOME HUMBLE ARTIST, AS IN **A**DAM

**P**USCHMAN'S SONG.

**A**S THE OLD MAN GRAY AND DOVE-LIKE, WITH HIS GREAT

BEARD WHITE AND LONG.







HIMMELSTHURM, NUREMBERG CASTLE.







ND AT NIGHT THE SWART MECHANIC COMES TO DROWN

HIS BARK AND CARE,



UAPPING ALE FROM PEWTER TANKARDS, IN THE MAS+

TER'S ANTIQUE CHAIR.







Dis ist der gheist ond vānus slach

Es ist der gheist ond vānus slach

Kaiser kēnig die das kēnig rich t an vūndelich vūndelich

Appel hoch vūndelich oer mēn vōs

CHARLEMAGNE. BY ALBRECHT DÜRER.





ANISHED IS THE ANCIENT SPLENDOR, AND BEFORE MY

DREAMY EYE



WAVE THESE MINGLING SHAPES AND FIGURES, LIKE A

FADED TAPESTRY.



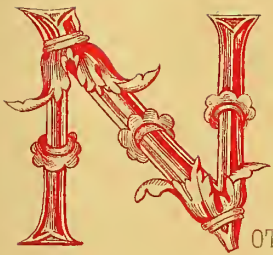






HANS SACHS AND ALBRECHT DÜRER.





OT THY **C**OUNCILS, NOT THY **K**AISERS, WIN FOR THEE

THE WORLD'S REGARD;

**B**UT THY PAINTER, **A**LBRECHT **D**ÜRER, AND **h**ANS

**S**ACHS, THY GOBBLER+BARD.



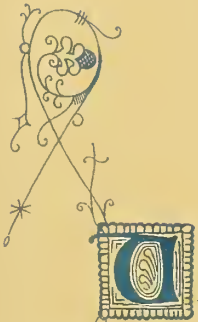






PANIER'S PLATZ.





THUS, **o**n UREMBERG, A WANDERER FROM A REGION

FAR AWAY,

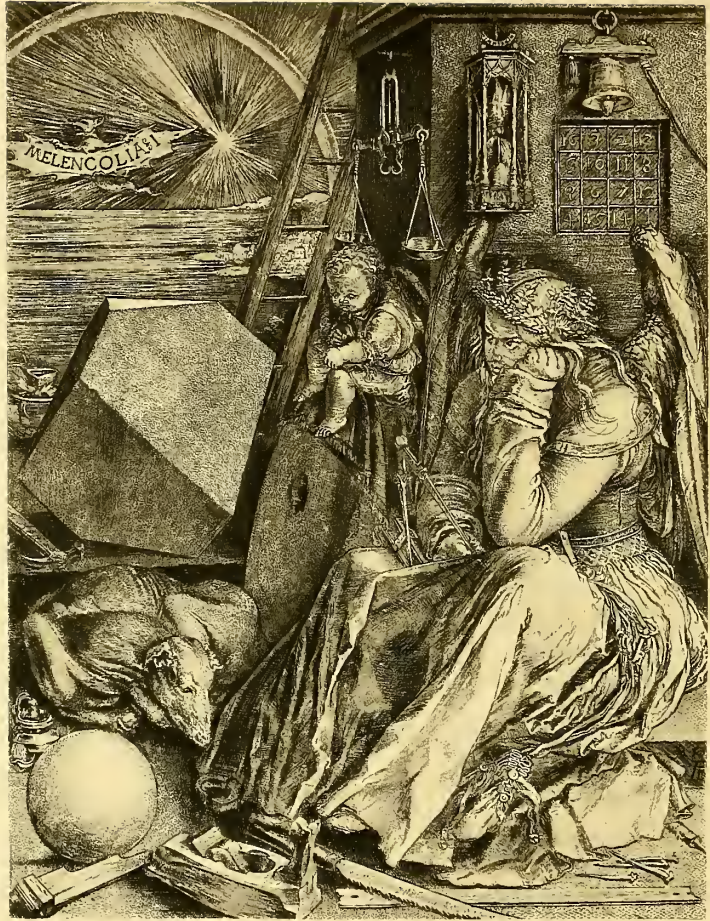


AS HE PAGED THY STREETS AND COURT+YARDS, SANG IN

THOUGHT HIS CARELESS LAY:







MELANCOLIA, BY ALBRECHT DÜRER.

















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